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While Victoria lived, she was universally recognized as a powerful factor in the preservation of peace. Some have gone so far as to aver that foreign love and respect for her alone prevented an open rupture of the European powers with England. This is great praise. What is certain is that the desire for peace deepened with her to the last. The scene at her bedside, when in her last lucid moments she called the Prince of Wales and the Emperor of Germany to her and they pledged each other on their knees to do all in their power to keep perpetual peace between England and Germany, and elsewhere throughout the world, is a striking revelation of the desire uppermost in her soul,—a revelation also of the anxiety with which she went to her grave, at thought of the calamities threatening Europe from the present mad rivalry of armaments and greed of expansion.

We hope the cable has not lied about this deathbed occurrence. But if it be true, and Edward VII. and William II. were sincere in the pledges made to the dying Queen, they will soon discover that it takes something more than pious wishes to preserve and perpetuate peace. There is no peace along the lines of present European politics. The only way in which these heads of two great powers can practically keep their pledges is by throwing the force of their powerful kingly positions forevermore hereafter squarely against the further development of the armies and navies of their countries, and against the whole jingoistic, imperialistic spirit which is brewing war in many quarters of the globe. Otherwise they will find that, while they are bowing their heads, crossing their hands upon their breasts, and solemnly saying, "Yes, dear mother! yes, beloved grandmother! we will keep the peace of the world which you have sacredly entrusted to us," they themselves are among the chief agencies in turning the solemn ceremony at the lamented Queen's bedside into a hollow mockery and hastening the terrible disasters which they have vowed to try to avert.

The Commemorative Meetings.

The meetings announced in our last issue, in commemoration of the progress of the cause of international peace during the nineteenth century, were held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 16th of January. Owing to inclement weather, the prevalence of the grip, and other causes, the audiences were not as large as we had hoped they would be; but they were made up of representative people and were unusually full of interest and enthusiasm. The speaking was of a high order, honest, direct, and some of it extremely telling in its characterization of the absurdities of present-day militarism.

The meetings proved to be much more than merely commemorative gatherings. Gratulations were freely indulged in because of the remarkable progress which the past century had to show, and the hope, therefore, to be entertained for the future. But a number of the speakers dwelt expressly on what ought still to be done; on the false and absurd notions about war still prevailing; on the ugly obstacles in the way of further advance, and the absurdity and grotesqueness of the situation in which the civilized nations find themselves to-day by reason of their selfishness and folly in keeping up great armaments.

We wish we could put into the report of the meetings the tone of hopefulness and courage and the coloring of intense interest and enthusiasm which prevailed in them. This we cannot do, except in small measure. But we give our readers what we hope will prove a rare treat to them, the privilege of reading in full all of the addresses which were made. Their contents furnish ample ground for the largest hope for the future, at the same time that they lay bare the numerous and stubborn difficulties in the way of the final triumph of international peace, whose removal will tax the wisdom and strength of the friends of the cause for many years to come.

Report of the Addresses Delivered at the Commemorative Meetings Held in Tremont Temple, Boston, January 16th.

The World's Marseillaise.

BY JOSEPH COOK.

Sent by Dr. Cook for the Tremont Temple Peace Meetings.

Now girt with lightnings, docile, fleet,
There stands an angel, with his feet
The one on sea and one on shore;
And Time henceforth shall be no more.

All men are men and men are one,
Join hands all zones beneath the sun,
White, bronze and black and brown and red,
All climate's tintings myriad.

Like rainbow colors, all are kin,
One God above, one law within;
Man's sky with colors seven may glow,
But colors seven make heaven's bow.

Now drumbeats call, from God's vast sky, Earth's listening heart to Loyalty; And now no land can foreign be, And now at last there is no sea.

One sun is in our single sky,

And underneath one family;

On earth so huge and yet so small,

Are all for each and each for all.

Let God's Great Order through men run, So pray the stars and moon and sun; Amen, we answer, every one; God's will in us be wholly done.